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entrees

VOL 5
NO 11

Folk Songs
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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

There's a disease creeping into the square dance picture that isn't nice to think about - FAILURE TO SUPPORT YOUR REGIONAL DANCE MAGAZINE. Since the first of the year I've had notifi-

cation that the following publications have suspended their efforts to bring to their readers news of regional interest: "The Willamette Valley Caller" (Wash.); "On The Square" (Cape Cod); "The Hoosier Square Dancer" (Indiana); "Foot and Fiddle" (Texas). You see the illness is widespread; no section of the country can afford to be complacent.

What goes on here? Why has it happened? Earlier, "Fiddle and Bow" (Wisconsin); and "Around the Square" (Iowa) fell victims to the same sort of apathy afflicting dancers everywhere. The reason (official) given by every editor: LACK OF READER INTEREST SHOWN BY DIMINISHING NUMBER OF RENEWALS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS. Every one of the above mentioned magazines was doing a genuine service to our movement; "Foot and Fiddle" was one of the oldest square dance publications - 10 years. "Around the Square" one of the youngest - 3 years. So age has nothing to do with it.

NORTHERN JUNKET continues to gain, slowly it is true, but each year since it was born has seen a respectable number of new readers. I now run off 800 copies each issue, and it goes to every State and Canadian province and 15 foreign countries.

I know of three other dance magazines that are on the verge of giving up the ghost. SQUARE DANCERS, DON'T LET IT HAPPEN IN YOUR PARTICULAR REGION. RENEW OR SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR AREA'S MAGAZINE NOW! If you can't think of a better reason, then remember that the cost is deductible from your income tax return.

Sincerely

Ralph

ONE MAN'S OPINION



by DICK KRAUS

Recent articles in the "Bulletin" have discussed today's square dance movement, with particular emphasis on the trend toward "high level" dancing, and the competition between the caller and the dancers.

Let me add one man's opinion to this open forum. Why do people want to square dance? For some, it is an intriguing hobby. They want to explore it to its fullest and, assuming that they have the necessary physical and mental skills, and enough time, before long they become able to do extremely complicated dances, which gives them a great amount of pleasure. They no longer want to dance with beginners - who hamper their own efforts and success - nor do they really enjoy dancing with the average caller, who bores them. They are also bored unless they are given a diet of new dances - providing constant challenge. All this is logical and understandable, for these people.

However, other people have other goals. Many people are simply out for relaxation, physical release and exercise, or a friendly, easy-going social experience. Some folks are genuinely interested in doing traditional dances of this and other countries. These people often do not care to do "high level" dancing; in fact, they find that it does not meet their needs, for the following reasons:

1. It does not place the stress on a co-operative friendly social experience; in fact it is so often highly competitive, exclusive and anti-social. Forgive

these harsh words, but I've heard them from too many dancers to hesitate about using them.

2. The need to have constantly new material means that many clumsily concocted dances, often without smooth flow, logical or easily remembered patterns, flood the market. At the same time, many of our most familiar and older dances are not used; a caller, in the effort to keep the pace, becomes ashamed about using them.

3. For those who just wish to relax and have fun, the relentless pressure of having to listen, learn, concentrate on split-second timing and tricky moves, etc. often makes a "high level" square dance into a push-and-pull, tug-of-war hassle. As one dancer said to me last week, "I've got three kids, and after taking care of them all day I want to take it easy, not knock myself out."

Please understand, I am not saying that there should not be complicated dancing. However, let's recognize the fact that it only meets the recreational needs of a small fraction of dancers or potential dancers - at least in Westchester. There we have possibly two or three hundred really top-notch dancers and possibly three or four callers who can work with this kind of material. But there are thousands of people who dance occasionally, and probably hundreds of thousands more who could be won over to square dancing on a fairly regular basis if it were presented to them on an appealing, moderate basis, in local groups.

There's a place for both kinds of dancing. Can they ever be mixed - in a festival or club evening? Not easily, but it can be done. At "Tarry Squares," for instance, we try to do about two-thirds basic material, some old, some new, and about one-third of fairly complicated dances. We also leave the new round dances pretty much alone, although we do many traditional European and American folk dances, plenty of mixers, and an occasional contra. Our people seem to like it. We have both beginners and advanced dancers

in the group - and our dancing spirit is high. We have been growing in size, and the dancers know that, even if they miss a few weeks, they can always come back without feeling that they must start all over.

Finally, in reply to those who ask, "If we could go back to some earlier period of recreational dance in this country, what period would it be?" The obvious answer is none! Let's stay right where we are in 1956. But at the same time, let's not lose sight completely of the many fine kinds of dance done in the past. And always, let's concentrate on human values, and meeting the basic recreational needs of the dancers.

from the "Westchester County Square Dance Bulletin"

TWELVETH ANNUAL COUNTRY DANCE FESTIVAL SCHEDULED

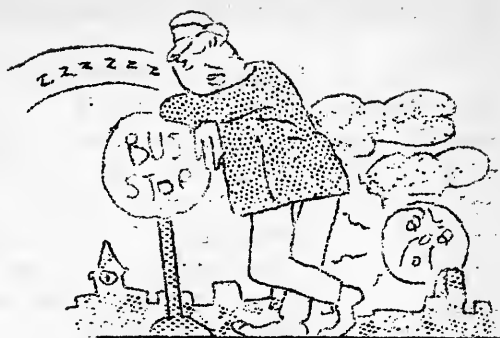
FOR JULY 12

One of New England's largest County Dance Festivals is set for Friday, July 12 at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. The event, sponsored by the Western Massachusetts Callers and Leaders Association annually attracts five thousand dancers and spectators. A full evening of square dances, contra dances and round or couple dances will provide activity and entertainment for all.

There will be a special demonstration by featured square dance groups.

The big dance will be held rain or shine. In case of rain the dancers will move into the physical education cage on the campus which will accommodate more than a thousand dancing couples. Otherwise dancing will be held under the stars on the athletic field.

BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW



By SARAH GERTRUDE KNOTT

A Resolution from the International Folk Music Council which met in Oslo, Norway, in July 1955, with 31 nations represented, was recently sent to all countries of the world emphasizing the importance of folk traditions for social and artistic purposes and for international efforts for peace and better understanding among nations. The resolution warned of the danger of these basic cultural forms passing everywhere before a new civilization, and urged all educational, recreational, cultural, organizations to collect these rich legacies for posterity, and to do everything possible to make them part of educational programs now.

Most countries are now deeply concerned with the passing of the old way of life and the customs cherished. We believe that the United States has a better chance than perhaps any other country to hold and revive many of its folk legacies; however, it will undoubtedly take the conscious effort of all leaders who have the proper organizations ready to reach down into the communities and encourage, dignify, build pride, and help to show the way to those who still know the basic traditional expressions. A continuous educational activity program is necessary to show to the folks who have inherited traditional forms that they have not lost their usefulness to meet recreational needs

of several kinds in modern times.

It is highly important that a recreation program be developed and carried on in rural communities and small town localities where they are being most neglected by the people to whom they especially belong. Rural people have always been the guardians, chief users and in the majority of cases originators of folklore. Now, in our country and in others, city dwellers are much more active and interested than are their country cousins; however, it is doubtful that many of the new cities created songs and dances which are springing up in a new kind of civilization, will ever build the kind of a foundation necessary to cast their influence into the future. It is doubtful that they can have the characteristics which heretofore have been the distinguishing earmarks of folklore.



We face a future when there will be more leisure time for everyone. An expanded recreation program for rural and urban folks, rich and poor, young and old, is a must. It would be unwise indeed to allow our folk songs, music, and wealth of other lore in their survival forms which are still lingering or flourishing in many localities to pass unnoticed, while we superimpose other programs less significant, and leave many whom the traditional forms have served from early days until now, without recreational and artistic outlets.

Thousands are having fun with folk songs and dances recently learned. There has never been such a recreational program in our country utilizing folk songs

and dances. Teaching is one of the necessary ways to make folk traditions meet present day needs; but more folks should be learning from those who have learned the traditional ways. There is no reason to discard, or not to incorporate the older traditional songs and dances handed down from generation to generation into today's recreational programs.

There is a quality and style that cannot be quickly or perhaps ever acquired unless new singers and dancers learn from the older ones who have inherited the traditional ways. There are still many dancers left who have special styles of square dancing typical of different regions - dances and style they have known all their lives; there are still many singers who have a style of singing which belongs only to those who have known the songs long, and loved them well and sung them often; there are still many ethnic groups - old and new Americans - whose renditions of traditional legacies from other lands have special inexplicable spirit of the race or nationality that created them; all these and many more are being overlooked by recreation leaders, farm organizations, and many other kinds of cultural and educational groups, whose programs would be made more rich and colorful, more exciting and more significant by the inclusion of these traditional legacies along with other already existing programs where teaching outright is the order of the day.

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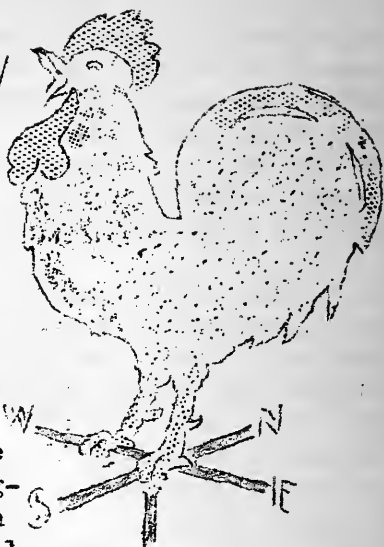
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FOLKSCCELLANY

collected by

VERNE STEENSLAND



In Virginia Reel the music for "forward and back" lasts as long as that for "turn by the right hand round"; but the second floor-trast is far longer than the first. In this contrast is both charm and a challenge to discover the charm and take advantage of it. Nearly any child can understand the mathematics here; and an astute child can be led himself to conclude that while skipping is fine for "turning by the right hand round", walking will "use up the music" of "forward and back." Thus a rat-race becomes more dance-like; brats more mature.

The same forest that adults fail to see - for concentrating on the trees! For example, the circling in Sackets Harbor is a very long floor-track for a mere four bars - eight steps - unless the dancers team up with hands at shoulder level, elbows bent, circle small.

FELT-TIP PENS are used in craft work; and sometimes to list the order of events at a session of dancing. Like women, they come in different shapes and sizes. "Magic Marker" is relatively short, clumsy to hold, and - by the method tendered - expensive to refill. "Cado-Marker" is the shape of a fountain pen and also sells for less than a dollar; the same is true of "Chemirac Pen". "Flo-master" costs more, has a value, is perhaps more versatile.

Cursory experiment tends to show that inks sold for each of the above are interchangeable. And we've conditioned specimens of all four - as well as a typewriter ribbon - with painter's mineral spirits costing but fifty cents a gallon. But don't quote us yet; experiment conservatively and send us your results.

"Squeezo" is more newly on the market, uses water-color rather than oil, looks like the squat plastic mustard jar at "Pete's Diner". Says Recreation Magazine: "Our Felt-Tip point stayed sharp, eight colors does not strike through newsprint."

Felt-Tip pens can be had of stationers and of suppliers to artists, draftsmen, folk dancers and shippers of freight.

In searching for a border between fraud and diplomacy, we could kill off half a day. But let's not, let's hear from Diplomat Martha Holly Lowe, ornamental physical educator of the Mohawk Valley. Knowing that twelve-year-old boys scorn mud pies and Mother Goose, she offers them - and their partners - not Pattcake Polka, but the same dance under the name of Lumberjack Polka. Boys of that age "buy" Ten Pretty Girls if offered as "Ten Cowboys."

Again, adults who'd scorn anything they knew to be Jewish have relished "Clap Dance", later to learn that they were doing Patch Tanz - which is "Clap Dance" transliterated from the Yiddish. (From the Hermans.) Man In The Hay can be a "square dance with a bit of a different flavor." And by its name alone Cumberland Square(Eight) could have come from the Tennessee Mountains as easily as from England.

Road To The Isles. To our knowledge, the history of this routine has not been traced beyond the sailor who first showed it to the Hermans. One night we heard a

woman say, "Oh in Scotland we did that dance only at funerals." Perhaps she confused it with a different dance; at any rate, we neglected to question her. Anyone having knowledge about the dance, or leads to knowledge, please write me at address below.

Latest(most delayed)News: Physical educators have "taken a lesson" from linguist and ethnographer Dick Crum. It happens to school teachers as well as to readers of Northern Junket: Strength and stimulation often come from persons outside our own trade, profession or avocation. For instance, at a recent conference of New York State physical educators Dick led a workshop in Balkan dances. One of the dances taught was Makazice (Scissors). He taught us the floor pattern raw and let us goof along for four cues; then he stopped, and explained details we were not earlier able to absorb; finally he let us dance it again all the way through. In this way, walk-throughs may not become tedious.

Through this column any number of contributors can serve the common cause. The limit is 210 words; ideas on postcards are also welcome. FOLKSCCELLANY appears also in "The Folk & Square Dance Bulletin"; it is assembled by Vern Steensland, 417 Waverly Ave., Syracuse 10, N.Y.

This months column was perpetrated by Vern with the help of Al Draper, a caller widely known in Central New York State.

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VERSE — OR WORSE!



by PAT PENDING

Up in these Granite studded hills
Our feet stay on the floor
When the 'Upper Crust' is all fagged out,
We want to dance some more.

To us, the simple things in life
Are really most romancing,
And to us common Yankee folks
The Same goes true in dancing.

Some callers seem to sneer at us,
They say we're atmospheric;
While they are in sub-stratosphere,
And sometimes stratospheric.

'Hi-level' is the word they use
To ill-describe their baby;
A kind of orphan of the storm,
Some day they'll find out, maybe.

That what goes up must yet come down.
That's true, not incidental;
Their puppets merely know a Dance,
What we know's Fundamental.

It seems to me they're sore misled,
Think 'high' means complicated;
A term that should mean just one thing
That's Dancer-Figure mated.

We travel North; we travel South,
 Us white-haired gay old dancers,
 To watch the summer folks step out
 Haymakers' and the Lancers.

They come from here; they come from there,
 They come from every nation;
 The millionaire, the working girl,
 From all life's every station.

While most are young, there's also old,
 Refined excitement fills 'em;
 Our Yankee dancing as done here
 Just permanently thrills 'em.

So let's not worry; let's not fret,
 There's surely no denying
 They like our contras; like our squares;
 Our dancin' sure ain't dying.

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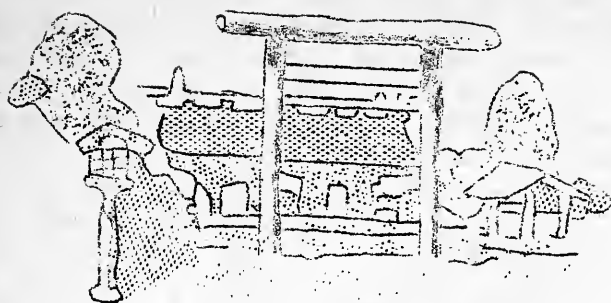
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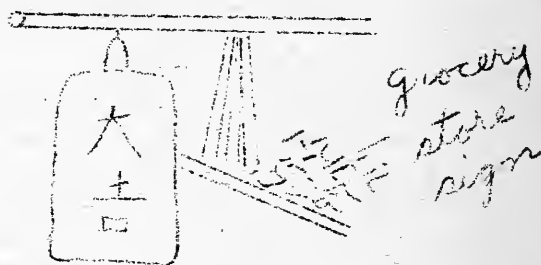
CONRAS AND KIMONOS

by RALPH PAGE

- continued from last issue -

Japan is a shopper's paradise and I would love to visit there with plenty of money and time to spend it. Department stores there compare favorably with like establishments in the States, and in some instances I believe, are better. For instance, the main shopping center of Tokyo is the Ginza, a street similar in every way to Fifth Avenue, New York. I do not know how long the street is, but we roamed around on it for many blocks; in each block we found at least one big department store as good as Bonwit-Teller, Macy's or any other high class store here. By a "big" department store I mean one that is at least ten storied high. These stores were crammed full of expensive goods, and equally crammed with buyers. Not all, but most of these department stores have 'bargain basements' in the cellar where you may purchase anything under heaven - for a price. I'd like to correct here a misconception. You do NOT haggle over the price of articles in the better stores; the price in yen is on the price tag of each article and that is it. You wouldn't haggle and try for a cheaper price in Jordan Marsh or R.H. White's and neither do you do so in Japan except in the pawn shops or second hand stores, of which there are hundreds.

It was most fun to shop along the side streets in the small stores standing open to the street, showing piled-up crockery, brooms and wooden ware, clogs and sandals, piece goods, tea-jars, fruits or vegetables or whatever. In the larger stores you can always find a clerk who speaks English, at least enough to help you with the goods on that particular floor. In the smaller side street stores you are distinctly on your own. Many of the side streets are covered over with a kind of lattice-work that is closed in rainy weather, permitting you to shop without getting drenched, and since many of these same streets are closed to all vehicular traffic it is perfectly safe to wander back and forth or even walk in the street itself - that is, after you've gotten over your initial shock of several near misses by bicyclists; apparently, a cyclist is classed as a pedestrian.



The clerks in all stores, large or small, were polite and helpful without being ingratiating, and several times, upon leaving a store after making purchases we were given some small gift from the proprietor, the dollar value of which was small but the goodwill engendered tremendous. I am speaking now of the small privately owned stores. Of course we received these gifts gratefully and at first, through our interpreters, protested a bit, saying that it was not necessary for them to do it since in all probability we would never come that way again. Inevitably we got for an answer: "That is unknown, but even if it is so, then please to remember us with gratefulness", a slogan that some of our storekeepers in this country would do well to adopt. Always as we left, whether or not we had bought anything, we were bowed out of the store with many expressions of "Arigato" and "Sayonara" and "matai ira-

shi" ("Thank you," "Goodbye til we meet again" and "honorably come again.")



*Trained
bird*

There are probably more camera shops in Japan than in any other country in the world; there seems to be one in every block. My movie camera failed to wind properly at one time and taking it to a store was told to leave it and come back after lunch when they hoped it would be ready. It was, and for no charge! In Sendai my flash unit conked out and again it was repaired with no cost to me. I have often wondered how many camera shops elsewhere would do as much for nothing for a foreigner? Fuji and Sakura film, either color or black and white, is fully as good as our Kodak and Ansco film. 35mm is the most popular size film in Japan, with 120 next. Except in PX stores, I found difficulty obtaining 620 film, until a clerk in one of the camera shops rerolled a 120 film on one of my empty 620 spools. From then on I always had plenty of film.

Developing and printing of our snapshots was done in fast workmanlike manner, but unless I specifically stated that I wanted my 620 pictures printed "extra large size" they always printed them up on small sized paper. This worked out fairly well at that, for since I am far from a professional photographer, and was taking pictures of anything and everything in sight not all of the results were what might be hoped for. So,

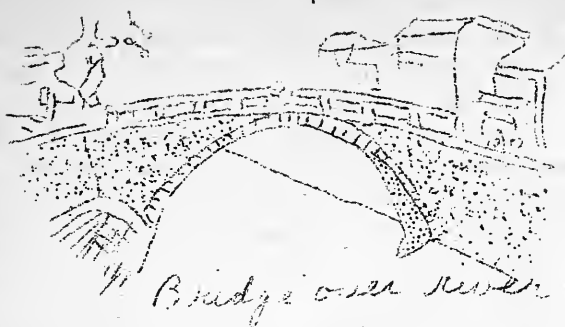
with the smaller units I could select the good ones and have the duplicates printed on larger paper and throw away the bad shots. Color prints were inevitably retruned as transparencies, but again, I kept the good ones until returning home to have printed and discarded the poor ones. There weren't too many of these and I can only assume that the natural lighting was of the best.

In some parts of the world the people are quite offended if you take a picture of them, especially without their consent, but that is not true in Japan. At first we were reticent about snapping pictures of the people on the streets and I well remember one afternoon on Osaka, when I was idling outside the classroom while Earle and Mary Ann were doing their teaching stint. School had let out and two or three kids were playing around the door, one of them a real cute little girl of maybe eight or nine years. Her school-books were neatly strapped to her shoulders and I spent many minutes trying to get her picture without her knowing about it. When one of the interpreters came out to join me in a smoke I mentioned that I wished the little girl would stand long enough for me to snap her picture. The man smiled and replied: "Why don't you ask her to pose, that's what she is waiting for you to do." He was right. He went on to explain that it was alright to take a picture anywhere I wanted to. I took his advice and consequently have some that I wouldn't part with for any amount of money.



*Shamisen
player*

Japanese cameras are the best in the world and the camera industry is booming into great prosperity.



Manufacturers of Nikkon and Canon cameras cannot keep up with the demand for their product, and you'll be seeing them in this country more and more for service men buy every one the PX stores can get.

Portable cobbler shops were everywhere, on every sunny corner it seemed. Vegetable men and fishmongers, each with a basket hung on either end of a long bamboo pole slung over his shoulder, clip-clopped along in their wooden clogs; ice cream and candy vendors pushing their two-wheeled carts, and followed by dozens of excited children; flower peddlers; tubs of gold fish; fortune tellers; all added to the excitement and picturesqueness of the side streets.

In Tokyo I had a heavy winter-style(quilted)kimono made for me and I don't know who had the best time in doing so: Yanagita-san, Takagawa-san - both of whom went with me to the department store to assist me and to see to it that I obtained esactly what I wanted - the clerks, tailor or myself. Before they had finished with the measuring and the selecting of material, we had accumulated a small crowd of interested bystanders, every last one of whom was able and willing to volunteer an opinion. At last Yanagita-san, Takagawa-san and I were satisfied and left for the elevators and I have no doubt but what many a Tokyo home was told the story of the American who was having a kimono made for him, and of the two gallant gentlemen who were his friends and advisors in the proceeding.

Of the twenty-one cities visited I liked the shops in Kyoto the best. As a matter of fact I believe

that I liked Kyoto better than any other city visited. You see, Kyoto was not bombed during the war and it is a picture of what the cities of Japan were like before 1941. It is the seat of religious learning in the Far East, for a great many years the capitol - until 1868 - and is the most thoroughly Japanese city in the empire and by far the most interesting to Western visitors. Tokyo, the Japanese say, is the brain of new Japan, but Kyoto is its heart.

It is a home for handicraft shops of every conceivable sort, many have been in the same family for centuries: fans, cloisonne, bronze, old swords, embroidery, porcelain, they, and more, are all here, shop after shop of them. It is the home of the best trained geisha and "cha-no-yu" - tea ceremony -; the site of fascinating temples and palaces; a city of festivals and fortune tellers; of museums and shrines. Oh for a month to make a "rubber-necking" tour of Kyoto and nearby Osaka, Nara, Ise and Shima! For all its million inhabitants, Kyoto is more like a medieval market town than any other city of its size elsewhere. Yet, with our limited time I feel that we gained but a superficial knowledge of the place. Of one thing I am certain: I shall return to Kyoto.



Prices range from very little to outrageously high; the same as anywhere else in the world I should imagine. We had 7000Y (seven thousand yen) a week spending money, and the first week's allowance was spent like a drunken sailor on shore leave! The next day we were broke! It was a most effective way of learning that seven thousand yen didn't go too far on a buying binge. Figure it out for yourself, there are 360 yen

to the dollar. After that first splurge in Nara and Osaka, we saved the money for film, postage, etc. keeping back what we could for the last week in Tokyo and making a list of things we felt we simply must take home. You can't take any yen out of the country, a fact we were constantly reminded of by Yamamoto-san, Ashi Press representative who traveled with us everywhere we went.

To write about Japan and fail to make mention of the temples and shrines would be a gross miscarriage of reporting. You find them everywhere, hundreds and it may well be thousands of them. We never found out exactly how many there were but I am very sure that you would be astounded by the total number and perhaps unbelieving. I know people in the United States who make a hobby of visiting every Catholic shrine that they know about; a comparable hobby in Japan of visiting every known shrine would involve a vast expenditure of time and money.

After seeing five or six the ordinary tourist says to himself: "Oh no! Not another temple! They're all alike; see one and you've seen all of them." I must admit that at first we were no different from any one else and thought the same thing. At the end of a month our opinions had begun to change, and then we saw Hikko - but let that come in good time.

We were first introduced to the temples of Japan with a visit to Nara - nearby Osaka. Here is the Todaiji Temple. Built in 749 A.D. it is the oldest wooden building in the world. Our mouths opened wide when we saw the Daibutsu Buddha within, for this enormous statue is 71 feet high and weighs 500 tons - the biggest bronze Buddhist statue in the world.

Nearby Nara Park covers an area of over 1200 acres, the largest of its kind in Japan. Hundreds of deer roam at will and are as tame and gentle as sheep nosing into your coat pockets for something to eat. It is a pity that the Japanese name for deer is such a harsh, unmusical word as "shika" which even the little

children, who were toddling after the graceful creatures with out-stretched hands, could make musical. We bought packages of wafers and called "Ko! ko! ko! ko!" (Come! come! come! come!) and at the word they flocked about us nibbling the wafers carefully from our hands.

We ate a picnic lunch at the foot of Wakakusayama Hill, under rows of cherry trees in full bloom, entertained by wandering musicians strolling about among us and the throngs of people. In this park is found Kofukuji Temple as well as the Kasuga Shrine.

The great two-storied gate-way of the Dai Butsu temple has stood for eleven centuries and more, and is a picturesque, weatherbeaten old structure, apparently strong enough to resist the assaults of another thousand years. Colossal Nio, with hideous faces, stand on guard in niches, and within is a large courtyard, and a closed gallery on the two sides that connect the gate-way with the temple.



The largest wooden building in the world is the Todaiji Temple nearby the Kasuga Shrine. Another unforgettable sight in Nara Prefecture is Mt Yoshina, in the Yamato district. It was here that Japan's national flower - the cherry blossom, or "sakura" - originated. At least that is what we were told. For a radius of 10 kilometres around the mountain, are nearly 100,000 cherry trees which bloom throughout the month of April.

I have noted elsewhere that Kyoto too is a city of temples. Descriptive booklets state that there are 3,000 Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines within its environs. Obviously, we did not visit all of them! Here one finds the great Chion sanctuary, one of the oldest and richest in Kyoto. Its colossal gate-way, long avenues and groves of ancient trees, proclaim its age and endless honors. Seemingly there is a bit of controversy between Kyoto and Nara, for visiting the Higashi



*Small
stone
shrines*

Hongwani (Eastern Temple) in Kyoto, we were told that it was the largest wooden building in the world. I would not know about that. Both are eye-openers in size. At any rate the one in Kyoto remains the Mecca of popular Buddhism and registers the greatest number of the faithful in the country.

Kyoto is the home of the Ginkakuji Temple (Silver Pavilion) located in the center of a beautiful garden and surrounded by shimmering white sand symbolizing the silvery waters of the Ocean; the site of the Sanju Sangen Do (Thirty-three Span Hall) housing 1001 images of Kwannon (deity of mercy). A brand new building - as far as the age of temples is concerned - is the Heian Shrine, built in 1895 in commemoration of the 1100th anniversary of the establishment of Kyoto as the capital of Japan. Laquered a brilliant scarlet it spans a small body of water and once seen can never be forgotten. The world should be grateful to the French scholar Serge Elissev, whose personal intervention at the Pentagon during the war saved Nara and Kyoto from bombardment.

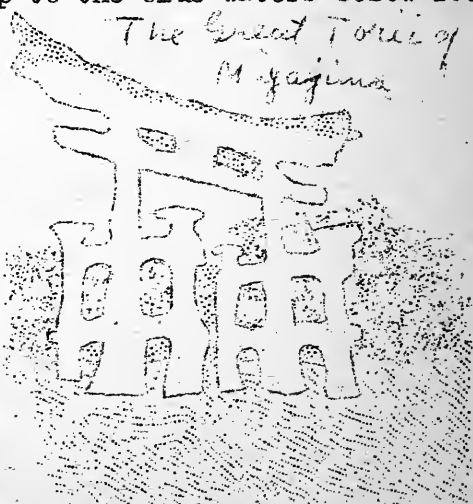
But now Nikko, and I find myself strangely at a loss for words to describe this place of world renown. The Japanese have a saying that goes like this: "Never say 'kekko' (Splendid, magnificent) before you see Nikko." Trite, but true. Situated in the heart of a mountainous region, in the middle of a forest Nikko National Park is a world of its own. Massive evergreen trees stand stiff and straight, reaching for the sky, and long pathways follow the contour of the land shaded by huge cryptomerias and pines through which the sunlight filters down in rays of soft, almost supernatural light, amidst an aura of total silence.

Our hotel was but a scant quarter mile from the entrance and within a few minutes after breakfast we were walking beneath the Yomeimon gateway, tarnished with age, before which sculptors and architects from the four corners of the world bend the knee. Not large but wonderfully constructed it is the most gorgeous and brilliant gate in Japan and one can spend hours in just looking at it and realizing that one translation of the name means, "The gate which makes its visitors forget that the sun is set."

On one of the buildings is the original carving of the famous three monkeys "See no evil, say no evil, hear no evil." On another a carving of the equally well-known "Sleeping Cat", dozing in front of a peony-tree. All about, lining every pathway, are hundreds of stone lanterns; tiny streams of crystal-clear and ice-cold water flow over stones covered inch deep with moss; and out in the sunlight, everywhere you look are the temples and shrines dazzling the eyes with red and yellow lacquer.

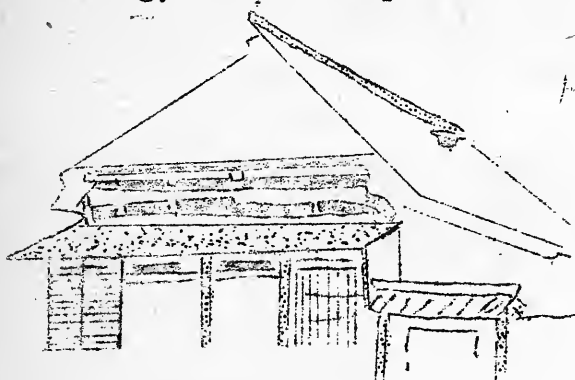
Nearby is Lake Chuzenji, reached by a tortuous road that snakes its way up the mountain, past lovely Kegon Falls, from which a mist like fine white rain is continually rising. Mt Nantai towers high behind the lake like a grim back-drop to the blue waters below it. Let's forget about the moth-eaten grandeur of the Palace Hotel and remember Nikko for a place of natural beauty which the hand of man has augmented rather than destroyed.

The 25 mile ride from there to Utsunomiya is along a road shaded by rows of gigantic cryptomeria trees - 17,000 of them in all -



hundreds of years old, a most fitting ending to an unforgettable morning.

Utsonomiya was the final stop of our teaching itinerary; an evening, morning and afternoon class completed our official list of places to visit. Walking down the street that last afternoon to our pre-arranged meeting place with the others, Yanagita-san, Earle Mary Ann and I suddenly felt tired. And no wonder, for we had been operating for many weeks under strong pressure. A wholesale drug firm had supplied us with a new vitamin capsule with the understanding that we were to report to them how we felt upon returning to Tokyo. I don't know whether or not it made any difference in the way we felt because one can go a long time on the resources of one's makeup, but until the let-down feeling that always comes when an arduous task is successfully completed, we experienced little or no 'tired out' feeling, and we so reported.



Just because our teaching tour was ended did not mean that we were finished. Far from it. We returned to Akasaka Prince hotel and were pleased to find that we were to stay in our original rooms - it seemed like home coming. An official farewell party had been planned by the Asahi Press for the next afternoon, and under a huge tent we met with officers of the National Recreation Association of Japan, Members of the Press, Officials of the Ministry of Education, all of our interpreters, representatives of Victor and Columbia recording studios, Mr Black and Mr DeMyer of the American Embassy, and a large number of people who had work-

ed hard to make our visit successful.

Everybody said a 'few words', ourselves included, and at the conclusion of Michael's remarks he surprised the gathering by giving his royalty check to start a scholarship fund to bring Japanese dancers and leaders to the United States to study with us at folk dance camps and schools. We gave our own farewell party to a few close friends a few days later.

Members of the Central Committee who had labored for months setting up details of the trip asked us to give one more special teaching assignment to the members of the committee and a few friends, and since most of them had had little or no chance to take the class sessions anywhere, we were more than willing to accomodate. This was the only group to whom I taught Sacketts Harbor - they went crazy over it and I never taught it so easily or so quickly as to this alert dancing group. A few days later, to a much smaller group at the YMCA, I taught an evening of contras; sort of a final review session plus Money Musk as a very special favor.

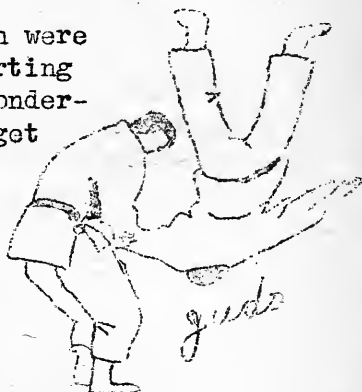
Another morning I spent at the Victor recording studios recording contras for them and the ¥10,000 received for my efforts I gladly donated to the new scholarship fund, and I hope they sell a million of the records!



*Kyoto
potter*

As mentioned before, we had been saving all the Yen we could for the last days in Tokyo. Up to this point we had not had much opportunity for a shopping binge, and had made a list of the things we wanted to purchase to take home with us. So the last few days we roamed around the streets of Tokyo, passing by the obvious 'tourist traps' for the stores carrying better quality goods. The most expensive thing that I bought was a wooden chess set and board exquisitely hand carved. I am not a chess player, but I just could not resist purchasing it. The owner of the store said he was born and brought up in Chicago, returning to Japan, with his parents during the depression of the 1930's.

Our last evenings in Japan were spent, for the most part in sorting over our scores of gifts and wondering how we were ever going to get home. This problem was solved by the Asahi Press when they sent an experienced packer to the inn who stowed everything into six large crates, promising to ship by steamer to New York City at their expense.



- to be concluded -

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SQUARE DANCE

DARLING NELLIE GRAY

as called by Rod Linnell, Peru, Maine

Folk Dancer MH509

Now the first couple right
 And you balance with those two
 And you circle to the left just once around
 Right half around the opposite
 Then balance four in line
 And you walk right through and swing your Nellie Gray
 Then on to the next and you balance where you are
 And you circle to the left just once around
 Right hand half around your opposite
 Then balance four in line
 And you walk right through and swing your Nellie Gray
 Then it's up to the last and you balance with the two
 And you circle to the left just once around
 Right hand half around your opposite
 Then you balance four in line
 And then everybody swing your Nellie Gray

chorus: Allemande left with the lady on your left
 Then right hand to your partner for a grand
 right and left
 When you meet your partner
 You promenade her home
 Promenade with your Darling Nellie Gray

The same for the other couples in turn

Any ending you wish that will fit the music

CONTRA DANCE

THE BOLD HIGHLANDER

Suggested music - "The Wee Pickle Tow"



- The Dance -

Couples 1,3,5, etc active
Do not cross over

Right hand star one half around with couple below
Down the outside and back
Left hand star half around with same couple to place
Down the center, same way back and cast off
Right and left four

This is the way that Saltator has the dance in his
"Treatise on Dancing" published 1807, and it is just

enough different to be interesting to dance. One word of help here: don't take long giant steps in the first figure - "Cross right hands half around". Take eight SMALL steps in the figure instead and you should be in exactly the right place for the next figure. Also, be very sure that you return to that same exact spot before starting the "left hand star half around to place"

There are dozens of contras old and new that begin with a star figure half around, but THE BOLD HIGHLANDER is the only one that I have found in which you do not immediately return with a left hand star, with a few exceptions wherein you "set" to partner first.

You may use any music you wish for the dance, but since it has a fine Scottish title I like to use tunes of Scottish derivation for it. There is no reason why "A Hundred Pipers" "Bonnie Dundee" or "Miss McLeod's Reel" would not serve equally as well as the tune given here.

The following dance is based on THE BOLD HIGHLANDER; you might like to try it.

Couples 1,3,5, etc. active
Cross over before dance starts

Right hand star once around with couple below
Active couples down the outside and back
Left hand star with the same couple
Down the center with partner, same way back, cast off
Right and left four.

I call this one THE BOLD HIGHWAYMAN. It was worked out by one of my adult education classes this past winter. Perhaps it suits our modern American temperament a little bit better than the original dance, although I have called both at open dance parties with the same amount of success - and the same amount of confusion. (RP)

MIXERS

HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT

Music - the same - suggested record: Windsor 7115

Position: Couples in circle facing center. Lady at mans right.

Call: It's allemande left with the lady on your left
 Allemande right with the lady on your right
 (Pass by partner, allemande right with the next lady)

Allemande left with the lady on your left
 (Pass by partner, allemande left with original corner lady)

Swing your pretty partner round and round
 Let's all join hands and circle to the left
 Break that ring, swing your corner once around
 Promenade home with the girl that you just swung
 (Sing) "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town
 Tonight".

Continue as long as desired.

JOLLY IS THE MILLER

Music - the same - suggested record Old Timer 8089

Position: Couples in circle facing center. Lady on the man's right. - It's even more fun with several extras!

Call: All join hands and circle to the left
 Circle left in a great big ring
 The other way back in single file
 Now the men keep going and the girls turn back
 Yes, the girls turn back around the inside ring
 The men walk past each sweet young thing
 Now listen to me men and you'll sure be glad

When you hear me call now "Grab, girls, grab!"
Promenade.

Continue as long as desired.

POLLY WOLLY WIGGLER

Music: Polly Wolly Doodle

Suggested record: Windsor 7639

Position: Sets of two couples facing each other in the circle. One couple faces CCW, the other faces CW. Lady at man's right with inside hands joined with partner.

Balance left, balance right, slide left, 2,3, swing
(Step to left, touch right toe beside left foot, step to right, touch left toe beside right foot. Slide to the left three steps, then swing right foot across in front of left foot).

Balance right, balance left, slide right, 2,3, swing
(Repeat above except start with right foot and end with couples back in starting position).

Star, 2,3,4,5,6, straighten out

(In a right hand star walk one full turn around)

Balance forward, balance back, two-step through, on to the next

(Step forward on left and touch right toe beside left. Step back on right and touch left toe beside right. Drop hands, starting with left take two two-steps forward passing right shoulders with the opposite person and progress to a new couple).

Circle left, circle left, circle left just once around
Turn, Circle right circle right and then you straighten out.

Repeat entire dance as long as desired.

All three of the Mixers are from Ray Olson's books: "50 Musical Mixers" and "Musical Mixer Fun", both of may be purchased from Northern Junket.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree" on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style using eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a more complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed eighth notes. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final note and a small cross symbol below it. The handwriting is clear and legible.

At the early age of sixteen he began his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, a stranger to all fear
He robbed the mail at Beachforth, and robbed Judge Max-
well's boy.,
With a trembling hand gave o'er his gold to that wild
colonial boy.

As Jack rode out with his comrades, as they climbed
the mountain high,
"Together we will fight, my boys, together we will die"
They robbed those wealthy squires and all their flocks
destroyed,
And a terror to all nations was that wild colonial boy.

As Jack rode out one morning; as he gaily rode along,
A-listening to the mocking bird with a gay and gallant
song,
Three mounted troopers came riding up, Swerly, Davis
and Fitzroy;
They all rode to capture that wild colonial boy.

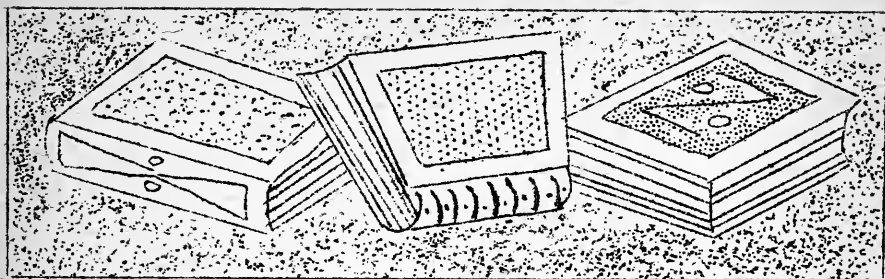
"Surrender now, Jack Donald, you outlaw, plundering son
Surrender in the Queen's name, for you see we're three
to one."
Jack, pulling out a revolver, a tiny little toy,
"I'll fight, but I won't surrender," cried that wild
colonial boy.

He turned upon the Swerly trooper and brought him to
the ground,
Then turned and fired at Davis, gave him a mortal wound;
His face all covered with bloody foam while fighting
with Fitzroy;
There he was killed and captured, that wild colonial
boy.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY has been sung at hundreds of kitchen junkets all over New England. It begins in Calais Maine, and with no effort is immediately transported - to Australia - with effortless ease even in this age of jet propulsion!

The tune is an Irish air "Fainne Geal an Iae. The song is believed to be about one Jack Dowling, an Australian bushranger of the 1870's.





BOOK REVIEWS

SQUARE DANCEMANSHIP by Madeline Allen, 28pp, published by "Square Dance-Where?"

This is a collection of Mrs Allen's writings for the California publication "Square Dance - Where?" and I can find no price quoted for this worthwhile little booklet.

Mrs Allen is eminently qualified to write these short articles on many phases of square dancing and the book reflects the attitudes and opinions of a large number of square dancers, be they western or eastern or just plain square dancers. I suggest that you write to the publishers at 2334 $\frac{1}{2}$ Santa Clara Ave. Alameda, California, for a copy.

Articles that I particularly liked were "On Square Dance Etiquette", "On Horsing Around", "The Crying Room is Outside", "On Setting Up Squares", "Notes On Visiting", and "Please, Mr Caller." I did not particularly care for the article "On Short Sleeved Shirts" though the problem presented is of more interest for California-style dancers than elsewhere, and there would be no problem at all if the dancers were taught to do an allemande by the hand instead of grabbing the arm halfway to the elbow.

But this is petty quibbling, for the book is a collection of excellent articles that every square dancer should own. (RP)

50 MUSICAL MIXERS by Ray and Arvid Olson; MUSICAL MIXER FUN by the same authors; published by the authors, at \$1.00 each book; 40 & 44pp respectively.

Mixers are a vital necessity to the repertoire of any reputable caller and here, in both books, are one hundred to choose from.

Most of the MIXERS given here are modern Play-Party Games, though there are several traditional ones too. Ray Olson is a master hand at this type of dancing fun. Living in Moline, Illinois, he tells us that MIXERS are on every square dance program there, whether the group is experienced or a one night stand. Maybe that is one reason for the continued growth of interest out there.

There should be more MIXERS evolved with the progression accomplished in the middle of the dance instead of at the end. No one ever tells you what to do with your new partner when the dance ends. Do you promenade her to her seat? Or do you return to the one you've just danced with and promenade her to her seat? Or do you just stand there hopefully, and silently imploring the leader to give you a break? Neither of these books gives an inkling of what is the proper procedure to follow when the record ends; they are, nevertheless, worthwhile additions to any leader's library.

THE CONTRA DANCE BOOK, by Rickey Holden, Frank Kaltman & Olga Kublitsky. 126pp. published by American Squares Newark, N.J. Soft covers at \$3.50.

THE CONTRA DANCE BOOK is the first contra book to be brought out in years that so thoroughly explores that form of the dance. Rickey Holden learned his contra dancing in and around Boston, fifteen years ago and knows how to dance and call them. What parts of the book are Holden's; which parts are Kaltman's; which parts are Kublitsky's, I wouldn't know, and couldn't care less, for the book standing as a whole is a most worthwhile effort and represents hundreds of hours of

pouring through old dance books and manuscripts at many public libraries.

Since the book is dedicated to me, and since Rickey learned contra dancing along with many others who were dancing with me at the YWCA in Boston, I naturally have a tendency to think well of it. I would not go so far as to say that I believe everything in it, but it is the differences of opinion that make the world interesting.

For instance, chapter 3 is assuredly going to confuse more neophyte contra dancers than it is going to help, and I suggest to the ordinary dancer that you take Rickey's advice in the opening sentence: "Do not read this chapter." If you are a leader, read it, and be thankful that you didn't have the job of assorting the dances into any kind of a classification. Also, I cannot go along with the list of 10 dances in the "Suggested Teaching Plan" p 14, for I do not believe that Pat ronella is a good contra to teach a beginner for his third contra - even if it is a simplified teaching version - and perhaps Holden has success in teaching Sack etts Harbor and Money Musk as numbers 9 and 10 to a group of beginners, but I believe that they belong in a group of intermediate contras, say the second ten.

The Bonny Lass of Aberdeen has been wrongly reconstructed, for there is nothing in the original Wilcox manuscript that even hints that you should "turn your partner once and a half to the other side"(m 9-12) nor to "active couple do si do"(m 41-48).

To counter-balance this the author does an outstanding job of reconstructing GipseY Hornpipe into understandable contra dance language.

SQUARE DANCING by Gene Gowing, 80 pp. \$1.00 published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

This is a book of ~~basic dances~~; dances that have been and still are favorites in the hills of New Hampshire.

Some people will say that the book is ten years late, and to those good folks I'd like to say that a book of this type is never late.

Gene explains the dances rather well, and if you have a bit of difficulty with the descriptions take a long look at the scores of pictures of New Hampshire dancers, taken as they were actually dancing the figures. Anyone who has danced with us here in southern New Hampshire will recognize some of the dancers in the photographs as Arthur & Jean Tufts, of Exeter, N.H.; - Barney & Edna Priest, of Nashua, N.H.; Fred Richardson, of Jaffrey, N.H.; Bill & Ruth Schenk, of Durham, N.H.; Gene Gowing himself comes from Dublin, N.H. so the Granite State is well represented here.

This is New England style dancing at its best and I hope the book sells a million copies! (RP).

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IT'S FUN TO HUNT

In "France and New England" p 57 of vol. 2, issued by the State Street Trust Company of Boston and one of a series of its Historic Monographs, one finds the following account of one of the lighter moments of the Revolutionary War:



"In the evening there was a gay ball at Mrs Cowley's Assembly Room on Church Street, so frequently used for entertainments by the American and French officers during the winter. Washington opened the ball with Margaret Champlin, noted for her beauty and charm, who selected the popular dance "A Successful Campaign". It is said that the French officers spontaneously grabbed the musical instruments from the musicians and played for the General and his beautiful partner. This was an event long remembered by the American and French who were fortunate enough to be present. An eye witness wrote:

"At the brilliant affair held at Mrs Cowley's Assembly Rooms, the noble dames though robbed of their wealth by war, appeared in superb brocades with embroidered petticoats and were pleased to 'foot it' with such noblemen as de Segur, M. Vauban, Baron de Viomesnil, and De LaTouche for partners. The favorite dance of the moment was 'Stony Point' because of its recent successful storming by General Wayne. The soft light from silver candelabra was reflected in beautiful mirrors loaned from old mansions as Washington opened the ball with beautiful Miss Champlin under festoons of

bunting looped with rosettes of swords and pistols; Rochambeau, wearing the Grand Croix de l'Ordre Royal, and his suite took the instruments and played the dance selected by the partner of General Washington, "A Successful Campaign" followed by "Pea Straw" and "I'll Be Married in My Old Clothes" and "Boston's Delight", in honor of the guests from that city."

And another item from the same volume pp 31-32 is found:

"In November, 1780, a building known as "French Hall" was built by the Commander in Chief of the French troops, in which his officers could have dinners and dances, or receive their friends. This large hall, states Claude Blanchard, Commissary of the French Army, in his diary (a valuable translation of which is in the Newport Historical Society) was 'constructed for the purpose of assembling a large number of officers therein in the evening, to afford them recreation; it began to be used about this time' (early in January, 1781) "We can imagine the scene" writes Maude Lyman Stevens, in her interesting pamphlet on the Vernon house, "the newly-built assembly room, lighted by candles in sconces, and, surely, in January, warmed by a blazing fire; the uniformed musicians, the discreet dowagers, and - observed by all observers - the brilliant band of young noblemen in their gale attire of white broadcloth, turned back with pink, blue, or green according to their corps. In minuet or contradance they lead out the gay young Newport beauties, whose charms they so admire." We hear the names 'Atlantic' 'Bellevue' and others as appropriate, were given to the dances held in Newport at that time."

With no attempt at reconstruction here are the directions for some of the dances mentioned:

Successful Campaign as given in the Mussey manuscript:

Chassa outside - back again - cast off 1 couple - change sides - contra partners - half molinette - right & left.



Successful Campaign as given by Saltator:

Down two couple outside, lead up, and cast off one couple; next couple do the same, turn contrary partner half round, hands half round till you come to your places, cross over one couple, right and left.

Successful Campaign as given in "The Ladies and Gentlemen's Companion:

Chasse outside, rigadon; then first lady balance to her partner, then swing hands with him and second gentleman; first gentleman ditto; chasse down in the middle, rigadon; up, and cast off one couple, mullinette with the third.



This seems to prove that it was a widely-known contra dance of that era and the few years directly following.

Stony Point as given in the famous 'Otsego' book:

One couple three hands round with second lady, allamand, reverse sides with partners, three hands with second gentleman, allamand reversed with partners, back again, lead down two couple, up again, cast off one couple, hands half round, three couple up again, right and left.

Stony Point as given in the Wilcox manuscript:

First couple three hands round with 2d Lady, allamand reversed with partners, three hands round with 2d Gentm. allamand reversed with partners back again, lead Down two Couple, up again, cast one Couple, four hands half round with 3rd Couple, back again, right & left at top.

Pea Straw as given in "A Collection of Contra Dances of Late, Approved and Fashionable Figures."

First gentleman falls down two couple, up the middle, the lady falls down one couple, up again, meets her partner, allemande with the third lady, the lady with the second gentleman then with her partner, the gentleman allemande with the second lady, the lady with the third gentleman, set corners, lead outsides.

Boston's Delight as given in the Pejepscot manuscript:

Cast 2nd couple up one, hands 4 with the 2nd couple, right and left, set corners, lead out & in again.

And that is enough to digest for one time. If you try ~~reconstructing any~~ of these old dances with your group there is at least one thing to remember: the allemande figure is NOT the common 'allemande left' figure of modern-day squares or contras, and do let me know what you figure 'rigadoon' to mean and how it is done, as well as your interpretation of 'lead outsides'.

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RALPH PAGE'S ORCHESTRA

HOME TOWN VITTLES



CAPE COD TURKEY

1 pound salt codfish	2 cups milk
4 tablespoons butter	2 eggs, well beaten
4 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper

Soak salt codfish in cold water for several hours, or, better yet, overnight. Drain. Pour fresh cold water over fish. Bring to boiling point. Drain and flake fish. Melt butter in top of doubleboiler over boiling water. Blend in flour. Then slowly add milk, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a little of this white sauce to eggs. Then blend this mixture slowly into sauce in double boiler, stirring constantly. Add codfish flakes and pepper. Cook for three minutes.

This is one of the commonest dishes in all New England, it was used to pour over toast, boiled potatoes or rice, or was eaten alone. With the growth of quick-processed foods, it has not always been so popular in late years, but in many Yankee homes it still is one of the all-time favorites.

BOILED MUSTARD DRESSING

This is an old New England recipe, popular in many families for generations. It is a bit touchy to make, but is well worth the attention to details because the fla

vor is so tantalizing. It is good for many uses, especially for summer dishes. It is used hot on hot dishes, and cold on cold foods. Excellent on potato salad.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup rich milk | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 egg yolks, beaten | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper |
| 3 teaspoons dry mustard | 1 cup vinegar, heated |
| 4 teaspoons sugar | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 2 teaspoons flour | 2 egg whites stiffly beaten |

Bring milk to boiling point. Add dry mixed ingredients to beaten egg yolks. Blend gently, stirring constantly with milk. Pour hot vinegar slowly into this, stirring all the time. Cook this mixture until well thickened. Remove from fire. Add butter and beat well. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

DINNER-IN-A-POT

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 pound lean round steak
cut thin | 3 carrots, scraped and
sliced thin |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sliced bacon | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper | 6 potatoes, sliced thin |
| 3 onions sliced | 1 cup cold water |

Cut steak into strips two to three inches long and about an inch wide. Cut bacon slices in half. Use heavy kettle, such as you would use for chowder. Spread a layer of bacon over bottom. Then a layer of steak strips upon this. Sprinkle a little pepper over it. Next a layer of carrots and onions, sprinkled with some salt and pepper. On top place potato slices and again dust with salt and pepper. Place kettle over direct heat and after 2 minutes very gently pour water over the contents. Cover with tight-fitting lid, reduce heat at once and cook very gently for about 40 minutes. By this time the water will be absorbed and the meat and vegetables tender and delicious. If necessary add a little more water.



RHODE ISLAND JOHNNYCAKE AND DRIED BEEF GRAVY

2 cups white corn meal	3 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt	shortening for frying

Mix corn meal and salt in deep earthenware bowl. Slowly pour boiling water into it, stirring constantly so as to scald all of meal. As corn meal differs according to the way it's ground, it may take a little less or a little more, than 3 cups of water. When mixture is well stirred, allow to set for 10 to 15 minutes, with bowl covered. Then meal should be so stiff it has to be pushed off spoon onto hot greased griddle. With pancake turner pat meal into flat cakes, about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. When one side is a rich brown, beginning to turn darker, turn and cook other side. The two sides should have a thick nutty crust, and the inside should be cooked through. While cakes are frying, or before, prepare:

DRIED BEEF GRAVY

$\frac{1}{8}$ pound butter	$2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound dried beef	3 cups milk

Use deep frying pan or skillet. An iron or heavy aluminum one is better than a thin one. Melt butter and then break up dried beef into small pieces, the size of postage stamps. Brown beef slightly in butter, adding flour and working flour, beef and butter together. Add milk very slowly, stirring all the while until it forms a thick gravy. Keep hot on back of stove until johnnycakes are ready. Then pour some gravy over each cake as it is served.

This is one of the oldest and best loved of old New England recipes for corn meal. It makes up into a hearty meal with the gravy. Most old Yankees dashed a drop of cider vinegar on the gravy as they ate each cake. It is best to serve cakes as they are fried rather than to stack them up.

DEEP DISH PEAR PIE

3 tbsp lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp grated lemon rind	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp nutmeg
6 cups fresh pears sliced	3 tbsp butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup dark brown sugar	pastry for 1-crust pie
2 tbsp flour	1 tbsp white sugar

Sprinkle lemon juice and rind over pears. Sift together sugar, flour and spices and mix well with pears. Put mixture into well-buttered baking dish and dot top with butter. Place rolled-out pastry over top of dish as though making a pie. Fancy up the edges of pastry and cut gashes in center of pastry. Sprinkle with sugar, and bake at 425 for 25 minutes so pears will be very tender. Serve warm or cold with a wedge of sage cheese if you can get it.

RASPBERRY SHRUB

4 quarts raspberries	16 cups sugar, to taste
$1\frac{1}{2}$ pints cider vinegar	best, more if desired

Pick over berries carefully, pour vinegar over them and let stand 3 days. Strain through flannel bag, squeezing cloth a little, but not enough to let any pulp through. Add 2 cups sugar to each pint of juice; boil quickly in enamel saucepan for 15 minutes. Bottle, cork tightly and keep in cool place. Use 2 tablespoons of shrub per glass of ice water when serving.

WANTED

COPIES OF OLD RECIPE BOOKS, THE PRIVATELY PRINTED ONES, GATHERED TOGETHER BY LADIES' AID GROUPS, REBECKAHs, GRANGES, CHURCHES, ETC. also FOLK TALES FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHED BY THE SAME OR SIMILAR GROUPS.

Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.



OLD TIMES IN

NEW ENGLAND

The ancestor of this yarn probably dates back to the Ark, but the Vermont version appears in an old diary of 1855. One morning a little after dawn on a morning of thick fog, a local doctor on his way home after an early call in Woodbury, Vt. gave an oldtimer with a fine string of bass a "lift" in his buggy. The string interested the good doctor and he asked the immortal question: "What'd you catch them with? How'd you see where to fish in this fog, anyway?"

The oldtimer hemmed and hawed a bit. "Caught 'em with worms, best bait there is, but you got to git up early. Couldn't see the water with the fog; so I jest cast out. Ye know, Doc, that fog was so thick, them bass was swimmin' round in it catchin' mosquitos! I tossed out a worm in that fog an' it stayed there. Easiest fishin' I ever hed. Pretty thick fog that was".

Very few "sexton yarns" survive in New England, perhaps because the traditional sense of gentleness and consideration in the face of sickness and death usually silences the telling of amusing incidents that are bound to occur. However, here is one that has to do with a sexton who had a bad temper and a stutter.

The standard price for digging a grave was \$1. When the wife of a local citizen died - the woman was of large proportions - the sexton charged the widower \$1.50. The widower refused to pay the extra fifty cents. Thereupon the sexton blew up as follows:

"Dod rrot it, yyyou'll pay mmmé the dddolr'n a half er out the old woman cccomes!Yes, I dddo dig graves for a dddolar, but not a cccélar!"

A plaque on the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier, Vt. reads as follows:

"The Marquis de Lafayette was entertained here on June 28th, 1825. Erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution."

The plaque was unveiled to the public in June of 1903, with a silver-tongued orator there for the occasion. An American flad appropriately covered the plaque, and a black cloth the flag. All of this up to now is normal procedure for such events and if it had not been for a mischievous quirk in a drummer's mind the event itself would by now have been well-forgotten by the general public. But -----

Said drummer, eating an early lunch saw the cloth, and had an idea. That afternoon a crowd of noble proportions assembled, the band played; and the orator pointing dramatically to the flag said: "When the American flag is lifted, you will see words to be read by generations unborn". The flag and cloth whisked upward, a large card appeared to view on which was printed in big black letters: "Wilson's Whiskey - That's All".

Believe me, that is one unveiling that will be long remembered!

On cold winter evenings we used to gather at the general store and post office up to the Contor. One who almost always was present at these gatherings was Henry Ferriss, known for miles around as one who "drew a long bow". He didn't lie - much - you understand; he just stretched the truth.

One night the talk turned to fishing and Henry said: "One day last summer I was usin' a bass plug 'at I made myself out here on th' lake, and I caught one that weighed five and a half pounds."

After some seconds of sceptical silence, for this would have been a sockdologer of a small mouth black bass, Bernie Robbins came out: "That's marthin'. I was out fishin' horn pout one night when I felt a gosh awful pull on my line. I pulled it up and what to yer know? I found I'd hooked onto a lantern, and what's more th' lantern was lit."

A still longer silence. Then Henry said: "Bernie, ef'n you'll put that lantern out, I'll take a coupla pounds off my bass."

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